# Northern Messenger

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## The Mother's Portrait.

(S. E. G., in the 'Sunday at Home.')

Oft through a mist of tears
I see this pictured face; then, backward flown,
Swift thought restores to me those happy years
When I might call a mother's love my own.

Here is the smooth soft hair,
Whose sunny gloss had scarce begun to fade;
Here is the glance that spoke her kindly care,
The smile that first for me life's sunshine made.

Mother! I would not waste
My days in vain repining at God's will,
Nor let a selfish sorrow breed distaste
For duties He would have me yet fulfil.

Let me learn patient strength
Before thy semblance; out of parting's pain
Wring faith and mute submission; so, at length,
Mother and sorrowing child shall meet again.

## Mrs. Lane's Class of Boys

(P. D. M'Louth, in Michigan 'Advocate.')

'Wasn't that the most presumptuous thing you ever heard of?'

'What "thing" do you mean, mother?' Mr. Martin spoke slowly, carefully measuring his words as he always did when 'mother' began her conversation by using adjectives in the superlative degree; for quiet Mr. Martin had learned full well in his fifteen years of married life that such words indicated a storm centre somewhere which needed but the passionate reply to send the storm his way.

'Why, the preacher's taking that class of Mrs. Lane's into the church. There 'ain't a one of those boys more than thirteen and there is little Clarence Lane I know 'ain't more than ten. How absurd to think such children have any idea of what they are doing. It actually seemed sacrilegious this morning to see those boys partake of the sacrament.'

There was a lull in the storm, during which discreet Mr. Martin urged the team a little faster pace for the want of something else to do.

'I tell you he won't take any of my children into the church at that age. Such ex-

tremely good children most always died young, and if they don't, I don't believe they should have their young lives made solemn by any thoughts of religion. Let them have a good time now; plenty of time for religion by and by.'

Now, there was nine-year-old Eugene who sat on the front seat with his father, large for his age, with a mind somewhat in advance of his years. Mary, who had just turned twelve, sat with her mother on the back seat. Both of these had watched with the closest attention the proceedings of the morning's service. They had noted carefully when the pastor had repeated the apostle's creed of the ritual, making explanations upon each step, and within themselves they had said, 'Why, it's easy enough to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.' Then the pastor had spoken so kindly to the boys, explaining what he thought Christian boys ought to do. He had spoken first about honoring their father and their mother by obeying them and loving them. He had urged them to be obedient at school, not to make the teacher any unnecessary trouble, and to be kind, loving and forgiving to their schoolmates. He had read the beatitudes, praising the merciful man and the peacemakers. Then they had repeated the Lord's Prayer together, and afterwards the pastor had explained to them 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.' Eugene had wished in his heart that the pastor had asked him to join, too, the way seemed so simple now. It had been represented to him as something children could not understand, but now the pastor had made it so plain that he believed he understood.

The pastor had then addressed a portion of his sermon to the parents. He told them that the success of the undertaking rested largely with them. He asked fathers to honor the mother in the presence of the children, that they might be taught to respect her. He told the mothers never to say anything to the children against the father, that they might grow up to think him the best father that ever lived. He told the parents not to expect these boys to be old men because they were Christians; that they were still children subject to the natural weaknesses of childhood. They were never to say anything in the presence of the children against their neighbors, the church or the pastor, that they might grow up without learning to gossip. And now the tender plants were intrusted to their care. Would they give them the Christian training and religious instruction from the Bible? Would they correct them, when necessary, in a loving, Christian manner, not taunting them of their failure, but showing them how much it displeased God to have them naughty?

To all this Mary had listened and wished mother would talk to her about these things. Of course when she was little her mother had taught her to fold her hands, and say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' etc., but now she felt too old for that, and nothing had come to take its place. She wondered, too, after such a beautiful talk by the pastor, how her mother could say such mean things about him.

And John Martin had wished all through the service that his children might have been among the number who that day were dedicated to God. The pastor had asked his consent to talk with the children, and he had gladly given it; and now he wished that he had gone to the house with the pastor and demanded that his wife give her consent also, but he did not, and he could only guess the reply she had made him.

All the way home and all that Sabbath day, for days and even months afterward, he was constantly praying in his heart that God would in some way save his children, that they might be saved in spite of the opposition and bitter sarcasm of the mother in regard to Christian children.

* * * * * * *

Years have passed since that Easter morning when kind-hearted Bro. Kirby received that class of boys on probation in the little Methodist church at Kingsville. Other boys, and girls too, came into the church while he was pastor, but we are specially interested in that first class. Five of them are pillars in that little church today. Every one of the five are active and influential and loyal to every branch of the church work. They give dollars to missions now because they gave their nickels and dimes when they were boys. The prayer meetings and class meetings are dear to them as precious seasons of spiritual blessings. Four of the boys have at different times taken letters and gone away to enrich the membership of the large city churches.

And now comes the best part of the story, the part which is dearest to a pastor's heart, for even if a pastor cannot preach very well himself, the dearest object of his life is accomplished if he finds and starts some young man who becomes a powerful preacher. Little Clarence Lane, the one whom Mrs. Martin had said was 'only ten,' had from his earliest childhood talked about being a preacher; and that morning when the pastor had received him on probation he had felt that the first step was taken. There was a long story of a boy struggling against temptation, but this is not strange, for even Christ had to struggle against this. There were one or two falls, but only to rise, and without a moment's hesitation begin the struggle again, but most of the time it was victory, and a stronger character for the struggle.

There is a story of much pinching and sacrifice on the part of parents that he might have the college training and the seminary course which so many pastors have to do without. At a certain time during the hard times of 1893-4, when Clarence was likely to have to leave college for a time and perhaps forever, a certain large-hearted pastor who had always loved children and young people slipped a purse containing two hundred dollars into Clarence's hand and bade him make good use of it. Only God and Bro. Kirby knew that the two hundred dollars had been saved by forty years of the most rigid economy from a pastor's meagre salary, and represented all that stood between him and dependence upon charity when he should be superannuated. But he gladly gave it if it would save Clarence from entering the ministry as poorly equipped as he had been.

The daily paper in one of our large cities said recently that the pastor of the Central M. E. church, the Rev. J. Clarence Lane, D.D., was fast gaining the hearts of his people, and another item of importance which daily papers never mention, but which brings delight to the hearts of pastor and presiding elder, was the report of the Sunday-school superintendent at the quarterly conference, to the effect that there had been one hundred conversions from the Sunday-school. Surely the pastor must believe that boys and girls can be Christians. And we have also learned that in Clarence's home there is a certain superannuated preacher who has never been dependent upon the Superannuated Preachers' Aid Society, and despite the silvered hair and feeble steps, we think we can recognize our old friend, Bro. Kirby. For who else could so attract children as to have three or four at his side everywhere he goes? We can almost imagine we hear him say, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

But what became of Mrs. Martin's children, Mary and Eugene, whose lives she did not want good Pastor Kirby to make 'sad and solemn by any talk about religion?' Her 'time enough by and by' never seemed to arrive. Mary grew up and married without becoming a Christian, and one day when her first child was four, an oath uttered by his little lips suddenly startled the mother with the fact that she was running the terrible risk of bringing up a child without God. That night upon a tear-stained pillow she resolved to serve God, but to whom could she go? She now distrusted her mother's religion so much she would not go to her, and the pastor of the nearest church was a stranger. In this dilemma a sisterly neighbor woman, discerning that something was needed, talked and prayed with her and finally led her to the altar of the Methodist church.

Eugene as a child gradually lost those good impulses that had been started in his mind that Easter morning. Receiving encouragement rather than restraint from his mother, he always sought and had a 'good time.' And now with all restraint removed and all bounds of decency long since broken, he is a wanderer upon the face of the earth, having led with him one of the eleven boys who were taken into the church by Bro. Kirby.

That same mother who would not encourage her boy to be a Christian was the first to refuse him admission to his boyhood home because of his wicked ways. A sad-faced father is still praying for a lost son, and sometimes he prays that all parents of children may be divinely led to teach them the way of life while they are yet under their tender care.

## Paton's Profits.

Dr. John G. Paton is a notable example of a good steward. There were $70,000 due him in the way of profits from his biography. Instead of holding any part of this for his own use, he gave the whole sum to the missionary society that had supported him, saying: 'It is the Lord's. Pass on the bread of life to my brethren in the South Seas.'

## Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date theron is August, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## In a Prairie Freshet

### A TRUE STORY.

(Sidney Dayre, in the 'Presbyterian Journal.')

'Surely you're not going out, when it looks so stormy?' asked father.

'Why, of course, father, I must.'

'I don't believe anybody else will be there,' said mother, with an uneasy glance at the clouds.

'Oh, yes, there will be. Not many, but some of my little chicks are too brave to stay at home.'

'The creek will be high. Up to the bridge, likely. It poured and rained all night,' her father added.

'That will not keep them at home, though,' replied the daughter, and then the cheery, hard-working school-mistress said good-bye, and set out on her muddy walk along the prairie road. The cheeriness faded a little from her eyes as she went on, for in her heart lay a small shadow, cast by unfulfilled longings and ambitions. She was unconscious of the mud, and of the picking of her way from one side to the other, in the absorption of her mind in one prevailing thought.

'Oh, dear, I should like to go East.'

'East!' meant so much in the way of opportunity for growing, widening, improving. As often before she sighed it to herself for want of someone else to whom she could sigh it. Never to father or mother, for they were growing old, and needed her. Not to the neighbors, for the dwellers on the prairie farms, far away from town or railway, did not sympathize with any such ambition, and probably would have been shocked at her indulging it.

Janet Wells had formed a warm friendship with the lady who for two or three years had taught the township school, making the Well's home her own. Since then Janet had read all she could find to read, had subscribed for a magazine, and besides, had been sent away for a year or two to a school in the nearest town, where she had made enthusiastic use of all the privileges within her reach.

Returning home, she had herself been appointed teacher for the district. A great rise, so the neighbors said, and so, with pride and delight, thought her parents. For a time Janet was satisfied, but the longing revived for something beyond—something greater and better.

Her mind was swiftly recalled from day-dreams to stern realities as she reached the creek. The first sight of its swift, turbid waters brought back her mother's foreboding.

'It's really not so bad as I thought. If I had time, and it was not so muddy, I'd run back and tell mother. But I must not keep the children waiting. If the weather looks threatening I believe I'll dismiss them early.'

Her way led for a little distance along the stream, as she came near the schoolhouse, set close to the bank on a bend, around which the water hurried with a babbling and boiling delightful to a dozen or so children who played on its brink. The boys were bare-legged, wading into the shallow water, which, in one low place, had already overflowed the bank, while the girls threw in sticks to watch them toss and whirl until they disappeared under the bridge.

'You here, Kitty! Why, I thought such a little one would stay at home to-day. Come out of the water, boys.'

'Well, there are not many of us here,' gazing with a smile on the gathering on the benches, 'but more, I believe, than I thought would come. 'Thirteen of you. A brave baker's dozen. Now for lessons.'

The school work went busily on, notwithstanding an occasional anxious glance of the young teacher's eyes at the clouds, as an increasing shadow darkened the room, so slowly as to be at first scarcely noticeable. She went at length to the door to take a glance outside.

The rains farther up the creek, which wound through an undulating country, must have been more severe, for even during the time in which they had been in the schoolhouse a change had taken place in their surroundings. A little above the slightly built school-house was a place in the bank somewhat lower than the ground on which the little building stood. As the young girl considered this, the oldest of the small boys, two or three of whom, recognizing the fact that this was a day of lax dicipline had followed her pointed up stream.

'The water's spilling out there.'

'See—makin' a little bit of a creek this side.'

Janet saw the slight ripple over the bank taking a direction behind the house, which, in time, would cut off the building from the surrounding ground and inwardly determined to have no afternoon session.

'Run in, run in,' she called, as rain began to fall, and the laughing youngsters scampered to shelter.

The rain continued, but not so heavy as to cause alarm. Quiet again fell on the small students, to be followed by a rush and a roar which brought all to their feet with scared, wondering faces.

'Back, back, all of you,' cried Janet, as a frightened little group crowded near her at the door. The small porch on which some of them would have set heedless feet was breaking away, partly with a crash and a splash. And all about them was water, rushing, foaming, raging with all the violence created by a cloud-burst a few miles higher up. The bank above had given way, and a new torrent whirled and foamed along the back of the house. Under them, too, the strong current was busy with the foundations, and already the frail building rocked and trembled.

'What shall I do?' was the cry in Janet's heart. Thirteen little ones crowded about her with wide-open eyes and lips quivering with fear. Were these innocent little lives indeed in peril? There was no help near. Either she must be equal to this most-undreamed of occasion, or they would be helpless in the threatened catastrophe.

With hasty, reassuring words she put them from her. 'Polly, Jack, all of you—you must do exactly what I say, so that I can get you out of this. For I'm going to, mind. Polly and Tom, you are the oldest; you show the others how to wait while I take Kitty first——'

Seizing the smallest child, she stepped out of the door—to find the water up to her waist. Land was twenty feet away—twenty feet of boiling, rushing water, but not for one moment did the young teacher give up the determination to bring to safety those entrusted to her care.

But she had miscalculated her strength and that of the foe against whom she strove. Whirled about, swept along, buffeted, she fought her way, sometimes nearly off her feet, her heart straining in wild supplication for the help which did not fail, so that, with what seemed her last possible effort, she grasped the limb of a tree and found her footing.

'Now, Kitty,' she gasped, setting the dripping child on firm ground, 'run, run as fast as you can to Mr. Wade's, and tell him to come and help us. Run, Kitty!'

Janet's idea had been to bring each of her charges to safety in the same way. But now with a despairing heart she realized the impossibility of it. Her strength seemed gone. It would be all she could do to get back to them. This she must do—share their peril, to die with them if need be.

The straining eyes swept the horizon in search of help, of which there was slight hope. The sodden earth and pouring rain kept within doors the few neighbors in the thinly settled country.

But—was here an unlooked-for chance of help? New hope sprang to her heart at the sight of an old horse at some little distance along the bank, patiently awaiting the movements of two of her young pupils whom he had brought to school.

Quickly making her way to the horse she seized the stout rope by which he was tied to a tree, loosed him and led him to the bank of the now rapidly deepening water. Calculating her point nearest the school-house, she again plunged into the torrent, leading the horse.

'Courage now—good old Sawdust. Get up—in with you,' she called, peremptorily shouting her orders, as the frightened animal at first resisted a little.

'Come on, good old fellow—no, boys, stay where you are——.' She was distracted between her efforts with the horse and her fear that some of the excited and clamoring children might venture into the water.

Higher and swifter it rose, sweeping on with a force which the girl desperately strove to stem, a creaking and rending, mingled with the roar of the angry flood, sending a new terror to her heart. She dragged the horse to the corner of the building, and tied the rope to one of the foundation timbers. Loosened from its foundations, the school was already rocking and whirling before the new onset.

'Now, Sawdust—get up—get up.'

Heading the horse a little down stream until the rope was drawn taut, Janet rejoiced to see that the building readily moved after him. But the creaking and splintering behind her told of the impending collapse, and still with loud cries she urged him on.

It was short work. The moment in which the tottering building touched the opposite bank there came a scramble of scared morsels of children, some in Janet's own brave arms, some leaping to the ground. None too soon, for, as the schoolhouse swayed and was again driven on the

bank, the second shock proved too much for it, and in the moment in which she untied Sawdust, with a final crash it went down and whirled on, a shapeless mass of time-worn timber.

Janet could have cried as she followed the last child to safe footing. But every one of the thirteen was ready to do exactly the same, and that would never do. So she only leaned against the horse for a few moments to rest her trembling limbs, murmuring:

'Poor old Sawdust! You never can know what you have done.'

Janet still cherishes a desire to go East, but not a harassing or insistent one. For, when the longing seizes her, she sometimes whispers to herself: 'If I had gone East I might never have had the opportunity of saving thirteen lives.'

## Good Manners at Home.

How much pain and misunderstanding would be avoided if girls would only be natural! The girl one meets away from her own home is so frequently a purely artificial creature, to all appearance so sweet tempered, bright and unselfish, full of spirit and energy, laughter and fun. But frequently in her own home, where these qualities would be so greatly appreciated and do so much good, what do we find? That she possesses an unlimited faculty for making home miserable. She is selfish and ill-tempered and will see her own mother overburdened by work or anxiety, but will not hold out the helping hand she would give to strangers. With a desire to appear well in the eyes of others, it is astonishing what an amount of trouble she will give herself and how helpful she will be. But all this is spoiled by her increased ill-temper in the home circle.

How can the girl who is not genuine expect to possess the desire of all girls—a happy home of her own? She imposes upon a man for a time, but when the mantle of airs and graces slips from her and he has been treated to one or two domestic scenes what bitter disappointment follows! Girls, don't put on your smiles with your visiting costumes, but let them be for home wear and they will become part of yourself. Don't make those who love you unhappy, but cultivate a willing, cheerful disposition and a determined spirit to make the best of things. You are not only making those who love you suffer, but are laying up for yourselves a store of misery. You can avoid this if you wish it; every girl can become what she should be—the sunshine of her home. Begin today by wearing your company manners at home; exert yourself to be pleasing, agreeable and obliging, especially in small things, and you will soon be quite content. They are best to themselves, who plan their daily battle as generals plan their campaigns in war and who are as fair and generous in the struggle as they are brave. These are the heroes and heroines of the day. They command success by deserving it.—'North-western Christian Advocate.'

## Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

## Dorothy Dascomb's Valedictory.

(Adelbert F. Caldwell, in 'N.Y. Observer.')

There was a murmur of suppressed excitement in Lucy Hobart's room, as the group of girls, scattered about on the bed, divan, and floor, anxiously awaited the return of Frances Elrod, who, a few moments before, had volunteered to go to the registrar's office, to learn if the report was true—that the class parts had been assigned.

'I imagine Eleanor Wilson will get the salutatory,' remarked Julia Thomas, breaking the silence. 'But as to the valedictory, there's more necessity for an interrogation point! I think Eleanor's knowledge of Latin would give her the "graduaturi salutamus" honor—coining an English-Latin expression for the occasion—if she hadn't superb scholarship, also, in her favor. Professor Horsman says he's never had a student in all the course of his teaching who shows such a mastery over Roman literature, and appreciates the fine shades of word discrimination so well as does Eleanor Wilson.'

'And then, you know,' added Alice Randall, changing her position on the divan, the 'salutatory is always given in Latin. You remember, two years ago, what a fine appearance Florence Lundy might have made, had they allowed her to give the salutatory in French; but no—Latin it must be, and what a miserable failure she made, just stumbled through it. The law of the Medes and Persians changeth not in Bancroft Seminary, or, I might say, the law of Professor Horsman and Miss Kellogg—especially as to the salutatory!'

'She's coming—that's Frances's step,' silenced Julia. 'I never saw another girl who could go up those stairs, two at a time, as she can. It just tires me out to go half way up.'

'It's true—they're chosen! The assignments were all made last night at the faculty meeting, though the girls haven't been notified yet—won't be till this afternoon,' announced Frances, completely out of breath.

'Didn't you get them—the names?' exclaimed a chorus of voices, impatiently. 'Wouldn't she—the registrar—let you have them?'

'Yes and no. That is, not voluntarily. But after a little urgent coaxing she told me, and didn't charge me to keep the matter secret, either. 'Twould be better though—'

'But who got the appointments? That's what we want to learn! Can't you see we're pining to know?' interrupted the girls on the bed. 'Tell us, and draw up resolutions afterwards.'

'Well, you've already guessed who is to be the salutatorian.'

'Eleanor—'

'Eleanor Wilson—really?'

'I was positive of it—have been for weeks!'

'And prophet?'

'And historian, and—'

'One at a time, please,' and Frances glanced hopelessly around the room. 'Prophet is on the divan—further end!'

'Alice Randall!' and there was a rapid shifting of places for offering congratulations.

'Give me something fine—great wealth, trip abroad—or a two-pound box of caramels!' exclaimed Mildred Hammond, in her customary anti-climax fashion. 'Be sure!'

'Louise Mannering records the past,' announced Frances with proper dignity, 'but you'll never guess who's to be valedictorian—never!'

'How many trials?'

'Oh, we can't wait; tell us—quick!'

'Hold your breath, each one of you. Are you prepared? Well, then—Dorothy Dascomb!'

'Dorothy!'

'You don't mean it!'

'It's some mistake—or you're fooling!'

'I mean it: no mistake: no fooling: Dorothy Dascomb is appointed valedictorian.'

The girls looked at each other incredulously.

'It can't be favoritism—there are a dozen more popular girls in school than she,' said Julia.

'No; the appointment rests wholly on scholarship—it always has,' replied Frances, gathering up her books. 'It's fair, and I'm glad she got it. Though I'm afraid her appearance commencement day will hardly be up to the standard—may fail to do the class credit.'

'Especially,' added Julia, 'when there's a millionnaire's daughter to graduate, and Senator Thorpe's two girls—he's one of the richest men in the West.'

'Never mind,' said Alice Randall, 'she can speak if she can't dress!'

'Wonderfully, if she's moved at the time! She says herself she can't write anything to deliver—needs to feel inspired while she's on her feet,' added Florence Hills. 'You remember how she always thrills us at the public debates. She makes no preparation for it—not in the least—and she's eloquence personified.'

For a moment, after Doctor Bowen had announced at chapel the class parts, Dorothy Dascomb's face flushed with pardonable pride. 'Twas indeed gratifying after four years of hard, conscientious work, to have one's efforts publicly acknowledged, and to feel one's efforts appreciated.

'But—I don't know; I'm afraid I ought not to accept the—the honor,' and the look of pleasure on her face gave way to one of doubt.

'The other girls—and especially Eleanor Wilson—will have beautiful gowns, and I—well, we know, little mother, you and I, the agreement we made. We know the sacrifices we decided on, and one of mine was to give up having a single new dress this year—not even a graduating gown, providing I could remain in school and go out with my class. Eleanor Wilson already has her dress selected, and it's to be a charming creation—white satin and lace—and mine, my poor worn muslin, which has already been my best for three summers.

'No; I never can do it in the world—never! It wouldn't be treating the class right, for the valedictorian to appear, as I should be obliged to, with hardly a ribbon to flutter a farewell. I must decline the appointment—make some excuse.'

'No, dear;' and Miss Kellogg, the lady principal, spoke pleasantly but firmly, 'unless you've a more satisfactory reason, of course you can't be released. Your appearance need cause no hesitation—young ladies shouldn't think so much of dress. I supposed you were above that, unlike so many, whose sole ambition seems to be outdoing someone else in superfluous fin-

ery. No; Doctor Bowen would never consent to your resigning in another's favor. Besides, it's an honor you should covet—not throw away!'

'I believe the poor child is worrying herself thin,' remarked Eleanor Wilson to her chum, a fortnight before commencement. 'It isn't her examinations; a girl of her intellect never has fears from that source.'

'I think I know the cause of her "decline," as Alice Randall calls it,' laughed Julia. 'It's not a deep-seated malady—nothing chronic. But, laying aside all joking, I believe the valedictory appointment is at the bottom of it. I've noticed she hasn't seemed herself for two weeks, and then I've heard a few things that tend to strengthen my suspicions.'

'Doesn't she want to speak—is that it?'

'It isn't the speaking, so I've heard, but her dress. She's nothing to appear in—only her "reception gown"!' The muslin for a long time had been so known among the girls. 'Do you blame her for feeling as she does—especially when the salutatorian,' and she glanced over to the bed where lay a charming creation of satin and lace, just from Madame La Manette's famous establishment, 'appears in such fairy-like finery! I would pine under the same circumstances—I'm sure of it.'

The last two weeks were busy ones for Eleanor Wilson. Besides her duties as class president and chairman of the committee on arrangements, her article, to be delivered in Latin, took an unusual amount of time. Yet with all these things to take her attention, there was another matter she couldn't keep out of her mind, a matter with respect to which not even her closest friends were consulted.

'I know how she feels—though, of course, not by experience, but I can imagine,' soliloquized Eleanor thoughfully. 'She's sensitive—Dorothy is—but so noble-hearted, and with such a beautiful spirit! I suppose I might,' and she hesitated, an 'of-course-I-ought-to' expression puckering her brow.

She went to her trunk and took out a plain muslin dress, one that had never been finished.

'I might wear it—perhaps I—'

But there was the other dress—the handiwork of Madame La Manette, and with a sigh, made up of resolution and doubt, Eleanor spread the muslin garment on the white coverlet. Not even her chum saw her smuggle it out of the room that afternoon.

'Yes; I can have it done in time,' said the little dressmaker briskly.

'I shall make such an appearance tomorrow,' thought Dorothy bitterly. 'Twas the evening before graduation. 'If it wasn't for you, little mother—the disappointment—I'd give it up even now. It's so hard to go before all those people with — Oh, well, it's the only dress I've got, so I'll have to make the best of it.'

Such a commencement morning was rarely experienced at Bancroft Seminary—it was cool and beautiful, a perfect June morning. Miss Kellogg could hardly remember when, on that occasion, it had not stormed, or at least been cloudy.

No member of the graduating class had an opportunity to visit another before the exercises, so busy was each with her own preparations.

Half suppressed exclamations of surprise were heard from the girls, as Eleanor Wilson came to the front of the platform to deliver the salutatory. 'Her dress must be beautiful,' thought Dorothy, without looking up, 'and mine— Nobody knows how I feel!'

Dorothy didn't summon her courage to look at the speaker till Eleanor was nearly through, and then—could it be possible, or did her eyes deceive her! For there stood the tall, graceful figure of the most popular girl in Bancroft Seminary, clad in a muslin gown, more simply made than the one she—Dorothy Dascomb—had on!

In a moment she realized what it meant—a sacrifice for the sake of a member of the class—for her.

All through the exercises, until her turn came, Dorothy Dascomb was under the influence of strangely conflicting emotions. She scarcely heard her name, as it was announced in the clear tones of Doctor Bowen.

She held her paper firmly before her, as she began to deliver the valedictory, yet her eyes only now and then sought the carefully written pages.

'I thought her subject was "Motive Principles,"' whispered Julia Thomas to Alice Randall, wonderingly.

'It was—it's on the programme. That's the way it's printed!'

'No! her theme is "Unselfishness"—plainly so. How came she to change? Or—yes; she's extemporizing!'

Doctor Bowen leaned forward and whispered to Miss Kellogg.

It was but a moment before the speaker had the attention of everyone present—tired though they were with the length of the exercises.

The audience was swayed with her wonderful pathos and power. Never before had they listened to such eloquence from a member of a graduating class. Men and women leaned forward that not a syllable be lost, and when she ended with a passionate appeal against self-inflicted misery, brought about by an over-sensitive dwelling upon one's circumstances and surroundings, there wasn't a motion in the large audience room. It was the silence of conviction.

'How came you to do it—speak on another subject without preparation?' whispered her mother proudly, as they left the hall together.

'Eleanor Wilson's unselfishness, and the foolish sensitiveness of Dorothy Dascomb—nothing else.'

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## The Testing of Jack

(Cora Hammond, in 'Western Christian Advocate.')

'Kodaks, so simple a child can use them. No more beautiful or serviceable instruments made. Five dollars to seventy-five dollars,' read Jack, as he sauntered home from the post-office with his father's weekly paper.

'My, don't I wish I had one? If only I had a rich uncle, like Joe Stevens, that would send me one. Joe is awful good to let me go with him when he takes his views, and 'tain't half so much fun as if I had one all my own. But it's no use talkin'. I can't have one. Five dollars seems to be the cheapest, and would pro'bly be no good. Hello, there comes that gang of men that are out here huntin' and fishin'. Looks as if their buggy was about full, with their guns and fishing tackle, and everything else. Must be lots of fun for them city men to come up here to the "North Woods," as they call it, and camp out. Five dollars don't seem much to them, I guess. Looks as if they had started home now for good.'

The merry load went quickly by, and Jack stood watching them with boyish curiosity.

'Hold on there. You've dropped something,' called Jack, as he saw a small black box roll out of the back of the waggon.

The noise of the waggon drowned the boy's voice, and the horses dashed on. Jack ran up the road to see what had rolled out.

'I really believe,' he gasped, 'it's a kodak.' I hope it ain't broke. No, sir; it's all right. Guess it must have struck a soft spot. What'll I do with it? It hadn't ought to be left here. S'pose Miss Hawkins would say I ought to take it to them fellers; but they'll git another, and never miss this one. Then, I guess, they are tryin' to make the 10.40 train, and I could never git there if I tried,' added Jack.

He trudged home, with the kodak under his arm, but there was no more talking to himself that morning. Someway Jack didn't feel just right.

The Miss Hawkins he had mentioned was his Sunday-school teacher. He knew little about her, except that her father was the village doctor, and one day, when his sister Maggie was sick, she had come out with her father. She had brought a bag of oranges, and had urged Jack to come to her Sunday-school class. He had gone the next Sunday, and she and her boys had been so pleasant that he had become a regular attendant.

'Hello, Jack,' said his father, as Jack reached home, 'what you got there?'

'A kodak I found back here,' answered Jack, shortly.

'Well, now, you're in luck. Them city duffers lost it, and they'll never come back for it. Good thing you learned to run one of Joe Stevens's. Guess I can scrape enough together to git you the furnishin's, and you can take all the pictures you want to. Guess you'll have to git this wood in the shed this afternoon, though.'

Jack went into the kitchen, where his mother was busy with getting dinner.

'Why, Jack,' she said, 'has Joe let you take his kodak?'

'I found this in the road,' said Jack, trying to look as if finding kodaks was an every-day occurrence.

'Probably that gang of men lost it. Your

father and I saw them goin' by a little spell ago.' Mis mother hesitated a little, and then added: 'Maybe you ought to take it to them.'

'I did holler, and they didn't pay any attention,' he answered. 'I guess they was tryin' to make the 10.40 train.'

'I presume so. Anyway, I'm glad you tried to give it back,' said his mother, as she began to set the table.

Jack split wood all that afternoon; but sometimes he gave a stick an extra twist as he tossed it into the wood-house, as if he would rid himself of something that was troubling him.

The next day was Sunday; and, in the morning, Jack remembered that he had forgotten to study his Sunday-school lesson.

'Joseph sold into Egypt. (Gen. xxxvii., 2-26),' read Jack. 'Miss Hawkins says we must read all the connecting links, so I might as well begin at the beginnin' of the chapter.'

'Now wasn't that a mean trick?' commented Jack, as he finished the chapter. And the meanest thing about it was to make that poor old man think Joseph had been killed. 'Twas bad enough to steal their brother and sell him. I'd never be as mean as that. Wonder what Miss Hawkins will say about it.'

For some reason, as he walked to Sunday-school, Jack thought a great deal about the kodak. Here was the place where the men had passed him, and farther down was where it had rolled out.

'I don't suppose it really is mine; but, then, I hollered at 'em,' he said, defiantly, as if someone had accused him of something.

As he came into the class, Miss Hawkins greeted him with a cheery 'Good-morning, Jack. I always expect to find you in your place.'

'O dear,' thought Jack, 'I ain't half as good as she thinks I am. I just know she would think I ought to give that kodak up.'

The boys were soon interested in the lesson. Miss Hawkins had a way of making Bible history very vivid.

'I don't believe this was the only time Joseph's brothers did wrong, do you?' she said. 'I imagine they were not good to live with long before this. Did little wrong acts. Were not "square and above board," as you boys say.'

'That horrible kodak, I almost hate it. Can't I think of anything else?' thought Jack.

'I don't believe they could have carried out this plot so well if they had not deceived their father before in little things,' Miss Hawkins continued. 'It is the little mean acts that lead to great crimes.'

Jack was the first boy out of the church. He walked home at a very rapid rate. When he reached there, he said little; and neither father nor mother guessed of the battle that was being fought.

That night, long after the rest of the family were asleep, he settled it. 'I'll take that kodak down to the hotel the first thing in the morning; and if they ain't there, I'll git their address, and express it to 'em,' he said. Then he rolled over and slept soundly.

Next morning, as Jack entered the kitchen, he said, in a matter-of-fact tone: 'If you ain't got anything special for me to do, father, I guess I'll take that kodak down to the hotel. Mebbe some of them men 'll be huntin' fer it all over.'

'Yes, maybe you'd better. I guess they'll give you a reward for it, anyway.'

'I don't want no reward,' responded Jack, stoutly.

'Hello, Jack,' exclaimed the hotel-keeper, as the boy appeared with the kodak under his arm. 'Wall, I vum, ef yeu ain't found that feller's kodak. He's hed a terrible time over it. Finally left word with me, ef it was found, to send it on with the finder's name. Guess you're in luck, Jack. You see, this kodak belonged to a little lame boy of his'n; and he took it out on this trip to git him some new pictures. He said he wouldn't care so much only his little boy sot great store by it. He got it for him in New York, and says he, "No other kodak would ever seem quite so nice to him."'

In a few days, Jack received a letter containing a substantial cheque. The letter read thus:

'Mr. Jack Brown, Havens, Mich.:

'Dear Jack,—I have just received my kodak. I thank you very much. Papa says he thinks perhaps you haven't any, so I asked him to send you a cheque to get you one with. I think my make is the best. Your friend, Harold Holcomb.'

''Most ashamed to take this. I came so near bein' mean,' Jack said to himself. 'The kodak will be awful nice; but I guess the kind of good feelin' that comes to a feller when he's been "square and above board," is nicer even than the kodak.'

## Foundations Well Laid.

(E. E. Lewis, in the Chicago 'Standard.')

Some days ago I had occasion to go out upon the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. While waiting for the train to start, I observed the conductor, Mr. Jackson, as indeed I had oftentimes, going up and down the platform and around the engine seemingly with keen eye taking in every spring and bolt and wheel. As he passed me I could not help speaking of his carefulness. Looking up, he said, 'That is what I am paid for, Mr. Lewis.' There was no gainsaying this, and yet it came into my mind that there are ways and other ways of performing the duty one is paid for. Stepping on the train, moving out over a fine road-bed, under such watchful management, one feels that all that human skill and foresight can do has been done for his safety, and a feeling of restfulness comes over him.

We are all ready enough to lay blame somewhere in case of accident, but think lightly of the thousands and hundreds of thousands of men who day and night, often at peril of their lives, guard us from danger upon these great railways. The fact is that one is safer upon such a railway than in his own home and in truth fewer accidents occur on passenger trains than in the ordinary walks of life.

If the great body of Christian people were half as exact and careful in the performance of known Christian duty as railway men in the execution of their trusts, the cause of Christ would not so often suffer from wounds received in the house of its friends.

The conscientious performance of duty usually brings its reward even in the present life.

Several years ago there died at Lockport, Ill., a gentleman named Henry Barnett, a Scotch stone-mason, reminding one of that other rugged Scotch hewer of stones, Hugh Miller, the man who struck his tuning fork upon the rocks of Cromarty and found nothing out of harmony, nothing to cast a doubt or a shadow upon the revealed word of God, but geology and theology moving hand in hand, in beautiful and divine accord.

Mr. Barnett came in his young days from the Clyde to Quebec. The East India Company was just then wrestling with the problem of putting up a large warehouse, the foundations of which were to be laid in the water where the tide sometimes rose forty feet. Two parties had already failed by using light stones, and when the tide went out with a rush they shifted. Young Barnett thought he could accomplish it and obtained a contract. But after his men had worked some weeks and still no wall showed above water the company feared it was like the previous cases and refused to pay any more money until the foundation appeared above water.

Ruin stared Barnett in the face, Saturday night coming and no money for his men. As he sat dejectedly with his face in his hands, an old gentleman, who had been watching the work came up to him. 'My young friend, you seem to have something on your mind; what is it?' Barnett looked up, and seeing a kindly face, told him the whole story, at the end of which the gentleman, who was Mr. Simpson, president of the Quebec Bank, wrote on a card and told Mr. Barnett to take it and draw on the bank until the work was completed, adding, 'I have noted the conscientious carefulness with which you have been executing this work, and I have confidence in you.' Barnett drew the bank's money, one, two, three weeks, and then the foundations stood up massive and strong enough to support the plains of Abraham. The company sent word that it was ready to make payments again, but Mr. Barnett thanked them and said he needed none until the work should be finished. That warehouse laid the foundation for Mr. Barnett's large fortune, and it stands today, a witness for conscientious, honest work.

## Dogs and Crocodiles.

When an Egyptian dog of the Nile region wishes to drink at the water's edge he knows exactly how to do it and at the same time escape being eaten by a crocodile. In working out this little piece of strategy he runs a short way up the river and howls for some time. The crocodiles, attracted by the sound, immediately crowd to that place, whereupon the intelligent dog hastily runs to that part of the river which the reptiles have left and drinks in safety.—'Everybody's Paper.'

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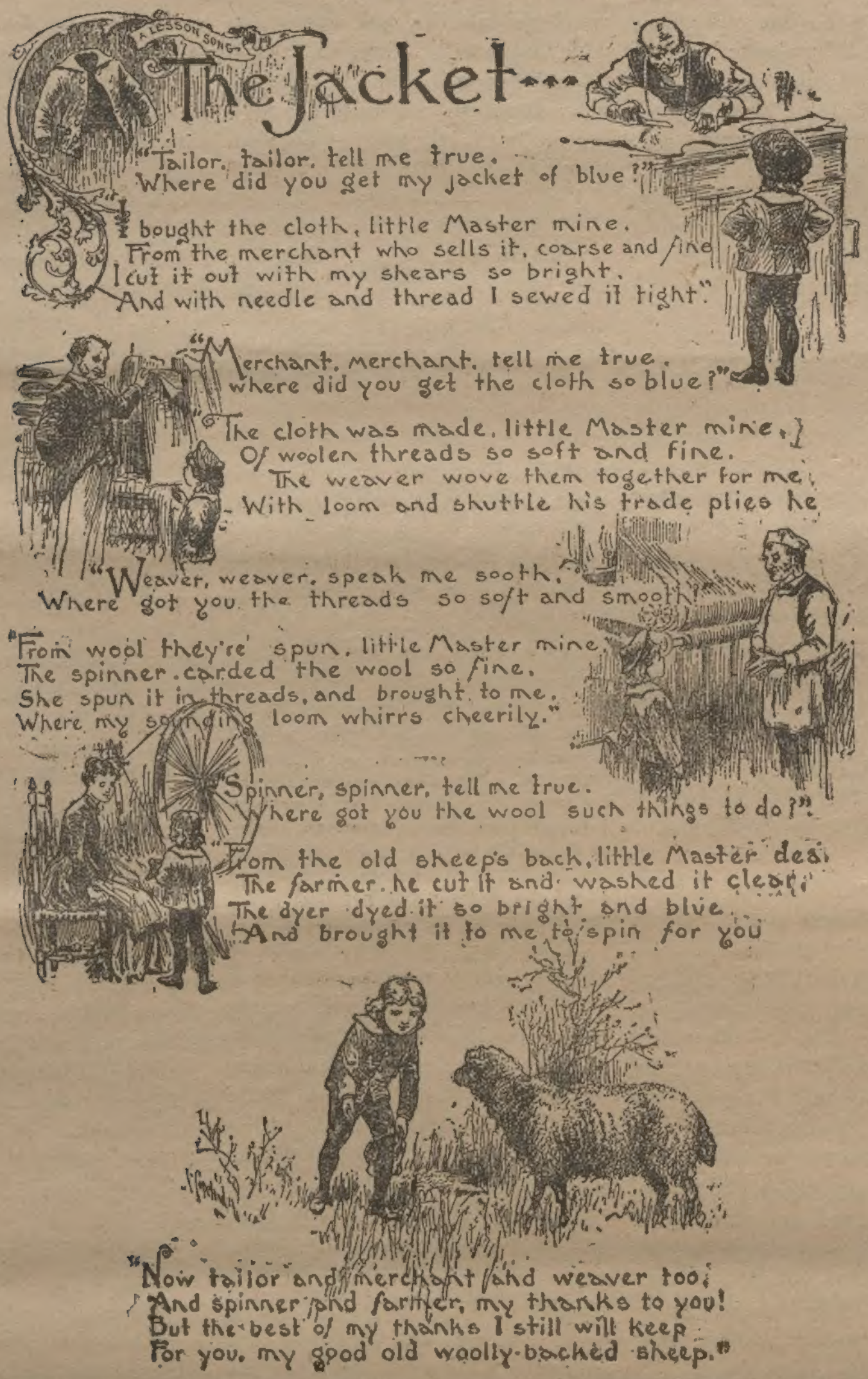
A LESSON SONG.
The Jacket
"Tailor, tailor, tell me true,
Where did you get my jacket of blue?"
I bought the cloth, little Master mine,
From the merchant who sells it, coarse and fine
I cut it out with my shears so bright,
And with needle and thread I sewed it tight."
"Merchant, merchant, tell me true,
where did you get the cloth so blue?"
"The cloth was made, little Master mine,
Of woolen threads so soft and fine.
The weaver wove them together for me;
With loom and shuttle his trade plies he
"Weaver, weaver, speak me sooth,
Where got you the threads so soft and smooth?"
"From wool they're spun, little Master mine,
The spinner carded the wool so fine,
She spun it in threads, and brought to me,
Where my sounding loom whirrs cheerily."
"Spinner, spinner, tell me true,
Where got you the wool such things to do?"
"From the old sheep's back, little Master dear,
The farmer he cut it and washed it clear;
The dyer dyed it so bright and blue,
And brought it to me to spin for you
"Now tailor and merchant and weaver too,
And spinner and farmer, my thanks to you!
But the best of my thanks I still will keep
For you, my good old woolly-backed sheep."

### Charlie's Indecision.

Charlie was in a state of uncertainty. He wanted a ball, and he had no money except what was in his mite-box. He was now trying to decide whether to borrow or to wait, and he shoved his hands deep down into his pockets and looked very intently at the box. Of course, he could not wait; that was out of the question; so all there was to do was to bring himself into a state of mind to borrow. It would only be five cents, and he could pay it back the next week when he would have his regular monthly allowance of twenty cents. But still his hands remained in his pockets, and still the wrinkles of uncertainty remained on his forehead.

At length he turned abruptly and went outside. He could think best when lying at full length under the apple trees. But he soon found that even his favorite position failed to bring what he wanted. Birds sang merrily above his head, and insects chirped and hummed and buzzed in the grass around him. Bees were industriously gathering honey from clover-blossoms a few feet away, and he idly watched them as they flew back and forth between the blossoms and their hives. He knew that they had an abundance of honeycomb stored away in their hives, and yet here they were working as industriously as though they had nothing ahead. Then his gaze wandered down the slope to a small heap of stones beside a path, and he flushed impatiently. His father had told him several weeks before to carry them away, and had promised him five

cents for doing the job. Oh, well, he would do it before long; it would only take a few minutes, anyway.

A little girl came up the path and paused near him, enquiringly. She was poorly dressed, but had a bright, intelligent face. He recognized her as the daughter of a woman who did their washing.

'Is your papa at home, Charlie?' she asked.

Charlie sprang to his feet.

'No, he's gone down to the store with a crate of strawberries,' he answered. 'Can I do anything for you?'

'Here's twenty cents for the setting of eggs mamma bought,' she replied. 'You might let your papa have it.'

Charlie took the money.

'I heard papa say he could spare your mother that other setting she wanted,' he said. 'Shall I get them?'

'N-no, not just now. Mamma says she may want them next week. She—hasn't got the change right now.'

'Oh, that don't matter,' Charlie hastened to assure her; 'she can pay any time she gets ready.'

But the little girl drew back.

'Mamma never gets trusted,' she said quickly. 'She had the money for the eggs the other day, but your papa was in too much hurry to make the change. Mamma thinks people ought not to borrow or get in debt unless they are really obliged to.'

Charlie flushed a little self-consciously. But as the flush left his face, the indecision left it also. After the little girl's departure, he went sturdily to work to clear away the stone heap. Then he weeded the onions and hoed around his lettuce plants. When he could not think of anything else that he had neglected, he went into the house.

'Here are twenty cents that Nellie Jones brought for the eggs, mamma,' he said, as he placed the money on the table beside her.

'Very well. I will tell papa.' Then she looked at him approvingly. 'I see you have been clearing away the stones, Charlie. Didn't papa promise you five cents for the job?'

'Yes, mamma.'

'Well, here it is. I think you have earned it.' And then she wondered at the odd expression which came to his face, and at the promptness with which he bounded down the steps and along the path that led toward the store—'Western Christian Advocate.'

## Little Miss Forgetful.

Carrie Baker was her real name, and she was the only child in the family. Her papa and mama loved her most dearly, and she had a host of uncles and aunts who thought she was the sweetest little girl in the world, besides a grandma who could hardly make enough of her because she was the first grandchild.

Carrie had so many people who loved her that at last it seemed as if she would be utterly spoiled, for it began to be that Carrie, instead of thinking about anybody else, only thought about herself. So when Aunt Emma or Uncle Ralph came to the house, Carrie would forget to say 'Good afternoon' or 'Good-bye.' Sometimes, when they brought her sweets, she would forget to say 'Thank you,' and it was plain to see that she was fast losing her charming, pretty ways.

Uncle Ralph was the first one to call her 'Little Miss Forgetful,' and when he had started it, nearly everyone else seemed to take it up. It was a long time, though, before grandma used it, because Carrie used to take great pains to please the dear old lady who thought so much of her.

One day, however, Carrie gave her grandma occasion to call her the name which had now become so familiar. It all happened in this way. Carrie was visiting her grandma. Now grandma was quite an old lady, and sometimes she would ask her little granddaughter to do something for her, and usually Carrie was glad to do it. This time, however, when grandma asked Carrie to go upstairs and bring something down which she had forgotten, Carrie said, 'In just a minute,' and went on playing with her doll.

Grandma said nothing, for she was waiting to see if Carrie would remember what she had asked her. The moments passed, however, and at last grandma said—

'I thought Carrie Baker had come to see me, but it seems that it is Little Miss Forgetful.'

'Please, grandma, don't call me that!' she cried. 'I didn't mean to forget what you asked me. I'll go upstairs at once.'

This was the beginning of a change in Carrie. She began to see how thoughtless and selfish she had been growing. Of course it was not always easy to remember, but she kept on trying, and looking to Jesus as her Helper, and presently the name of Little Miss Forgetful was forgotten; and if her Uncle Ralph had given her a new name, it would have been 'Little Miss Thoughtful.'—'Child's Companion.'

## A Child's Question.

Two little girls were coming home from Sunday-school, and during their walk they talked of what their teacher had said. It was about 'coming to Jesus.' The more they talked, the more perplexed they became, but on reaching their home they at once went to their mother, and this is a part of the conversation which took place:

'Mamma, our teacher told us today that we must come to Jesus if we want to be saved. But how can I come to him if I cannot see him?'

'Did you not ask me to get you a drink of water last night?' replied the mother.

'Yes, mamma.'

'Did you see me when you asked me?'

'No; but I knew that you would hear me and get it for me.'

'Well, that is just the way to come to Jesus. We cannot see him, but we know that he is near us and hears every word we say, and that he will get us what we need.'—'United Presbyterian.'


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LESSON VIII.—AUGUST 23.

I. Samuel xx., 12-23.

## Golden Text.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Prov. xviii., 24.

## Home Readings.

Monday, Aug. 17.—I. Sam. xx., 12-23.
Tuesday, Aug. 18.—I. Sam. xviii., 1-5.
Wednesday, Aug. 19.—I. Sam. xx., 1-11.
Thursday, Aug. 20.—I. Sam. xx., 24-42.
Friday, Aug. 21.—Ps. xxvii., 1-14.
Saturday, Aug. 22.—Ps. xci., 1-16.
Sunday, Aug. 23.—John xv., 1-17.

12. And Jonathan said unto David, O Lord God of Israel, when I have sounded my father about to-morrow, any time, or the third day, and, behold, if there be good toward David, and I then send not unto thee, and show it thee;

13. The Lord do so and much more to Jonathan: but if it please my father to do thee evil, then I will show it thee, and send thee away, that thou mayest go in peace: and the Lord be with thee, as he hath been with my father.

14. And thou shalt not only while yet I live show me the kindness of the Lord, that I die not:

15. But also thou shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house for ever: no, not when the Lord hath cut off the enemies of David everyone from the face of the earth.

16. So Jonathan made a covenant with the house of David, saying, Let the Lord even require it at the hand of David's enemies.

17. And Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him: for he loved him as he loved his own soul.

18. Then Jonathan said to David, To-morrow is the new moon: and thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty.

19. And when thou hast stayed three days, then thou shalt go down quickly, and come to the place where thou didst hide thy self when the business was in hand, and shalt remain by the stone Ezel.

20. And I will shoot three arrows on the side thereof, as though I shot at a mark.

21. And, behold, I will send a lad, saying, Go, find out the arrows. If I expressly say unto the lad, Behold, the arrows are on this side of thee, take them; then come thou: for there is peace to thee, and no hurt, as the Lord liveth.

22. But if I say thus unto the young man, Behold, the arrows are beyond thee; go thy way: for the Lord hath sent thee away.

23. And as touching the matter which thou and I have spoken of, behold, the Lord be between thee and me forever.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

In our Old Testament studies we come upon much that has to do with war, with disobedience, and with its punishment. This week, however, we study a subject that is beautiful in itself, and that was beautifully illustrated in the relations of David and Jonathan.

Jonathan was Saul's son and thus was a royal prince. It might have been supposed that he would share his father's hatred of a young man who was growing into popular favor, and who was to be the next king. But just the reverse was true. Read the whole story of David and Jonathan one of the most beautiful in the Old Testament.

Saul was continually plotting to kill David, while Jonathan was doing his best to save his friend's life. In chapter nineteen we learn that David was aided in escaping Saul's murderous plans by two of Saul's own children, Jonathan and Michal, the latter having become David's wife. These facts are an indication of David's great popularity and ability to win the friendship of those about him. Even Saul had liked him, until David's increasing favor with the people made the king jealous.

Read chapter xix., as a preparation to the present lesson, also the opening verses of chapter xx. The scene of this lesson is Gibeah of Saul, about four miles north of Jerusalem.

Teachers will find that this lesson and the Scripture connected with it contain excellent material for the special study of friendship. A very profitable side lesson might be made out of it.

We may divide this account of the scene between David and Jonathan thus:

1. Jonathan's Promise to David. 12, 13.
2. Jonathan's Appeal to David. 14, 15.
3. The Covenant, 16, 17.
4. A Signal Code, 18-23.

If we read verse 12 in the Revised Version we get the meaning more clearly, 'And Jonathan said unto David, The Lord, the God of Israel, be witness; when I have sounded my father about this time to-morrow, or the third day, behold, if there be any good toward David, shall I not send unto thee, and disclose it unto thee?' David had been compelled to leave King Saul's court on account of the king's attempts upon his life, but it was near the time of the feast at the beginning of the month, and during this ceremony he would be expected to be in his place at the king's table. What shall he do?

But David has 'a friend at court,' in the person of Jonathan, his friend and the king's son. To him David appeals, and Jonathan promises to find out the feeling of Saul towards David. It would appear from Jonathan's reference to the 'third day,' that this monthly ceremony closed with a royal banquet on the third day.

Jonathan solemnly calls upon God to witness that, after having learned his father's intentions towards David, he will surely let David know how matters stand.

There is something very pathetic in the verses we are now to consider. Jonathan seems to have been assured of the fact that David was to be king after his father, Saul, and now makes an appeal to the future king for kindness and mercy. It was a strange situation, this royal prince appealing to the poor young shepherd, in hiding for his life, as though to his sovereign. It sometimes occurred in the Orient that, when a king of a new family came to the throne, he at once put to death all members of the preceding dynasty, in order to avoid any trouble from their claims to the throne.

Jonathan has just promised most solemnly to warn David if Saul still intends to do him harm, and now throws himself upon the mercy of his friend as a future king. Not only for himself does he plead, but for his family. David might spare Jonathan for the sake of their friendship, but would he and his descendants spare Jonathan's house?

This request of David, described in the earlier part of this chapter, and Jonathan's promise of aid and prayer for mercy are followed now by a solemn covenant of friendship. So David swore friendship to the house of Jonathan. The last clause of verse 16 is taken as probably spoken by Jonathan, meaning that the Lord was asked to punish David by means of the latter's enemies, if David failed to keep his promise.

David was asked to repeat this oath to Jonathan, for Jonathan loved David 'as his own soul,' and was devoting his very life to David, and risking the lives of his family in trusting them to David's mercy.

There was no doubt considerable danger to David in his meeting with Jonathan, for their friendship was known and Jonathan might be watched in order to discover David's whereabouts. So a simple code of signals was agreed upon in order to let David know the result of Jonathan's interview with his father. As a matter of fact, they did meet when Jonathan had shot his arrow beyond the lad, but such a meeting seems not to have been planned, and was simply a farewell.

It is not necessary to describe the simple plan agreed upon as the text makes it very plain.

There is a great difference between mere acquaintance and friendship. We often hear one refer to another as 'My friend, so-and-so,' when, as a matter of fact, they are only acquaintances. True friendship is deep and lasting, and able to bear the strain of other's weaknesses and faults. It is a solemn, yet beautiful thing, to make a worthy, high minded person your friend for life. Read how Jesus honored his disciples by calling them his friends. John xv., 14, 15.

David was not, at this time, having an easy time, yet perhaps this very adversity was saving him from the snares of a too great popularity. Very few of us know how to value hard experience, yet Providence graciously sends such experience to develop our powers, as the eagle stirs up its nest and pushes the young out, that they may be taught to fly. Deuteronomy xxxii., 10, 11. Again, adversity comes as a saving agency, it is often the 'way of escape' from some temptation that we, in our human wisdom, have not foreseen. I Corinthians x., 13. Make adversity your chance to become strong and do a real service in the world.

Read the beautiful and impressive lament of David over the death of Jonathan, II. Samuel i., 17-27.

Next week the lesson is 'David Spares Saul,' I. Samuel xxvi., 5-12, 21-25.

## C. E. Topic

Sunday, Aug. 23.—Topic—Lessons from Paul: how to make our lives count like his. II. Tim. i., 6-8; II. Cor, xi., 23-28.

## Junior C. E. Topic

DAILY WORKING.

Monday, Aug. 17.—God commands it. Gen. ii., 15.

Tuesday, Aug. 18.—Paul commands it. I. Thess. iv., 11, 12.

Wednesday, Aug. 19.—Good for health. Eccl. v., 12.

Thursday, Aug. 20.—Gives us homes. Prov. xxiv., 27.

Friday, Aug. 21.—Gives us bread. Prov. xii., 11.

Saturday, Aug. 22.—Gives us honor. Prov. xxii., 29.

Sunday, Aug. 23.—Topic—What the Carpenter, the fishermen, the tent-maker teach me about work. Matt. iv., 18-22; Acts xviii., 3; II. Thess. iii., 10.

## The Power of the Word.

('Watchman.')

There is a converting power in the truths of the Bible, and in the very words expressing those truths. A minister who passed through the great revival in Ireland a few years ago, afterwards wrote in relation to those who were brought under conviction of sin in his sphere of labor, saying: 'When in agony of mind, I have invariably found that whatever might be said to them, nothing brought relief but the pure Word of God quoted verbatim.' Very significantly did a Hindoo convert say: 'I read the Bible; I cannot help it; there I find something that catches me in a way which I cannot explain. The progress of conviction and conversion through the agency of the Word of God, is set forth in what is related of a man who sat down to read the Bible an hour each evening with his wife. In the course of a few evenings he stopped in the midst of his reading and said, 'Wife, if this book is true, we are wrong.' He read on; in a few days he said, 'Wife, if this book is true, we are lost.' Riveted to the marvellous pages, he still read, and in about a week joyfully exclaimed, 'Wife, if this book is true, we may be saved!'

In this light the gospel ministry and the Sabbath-school have surpassing claims. They are vitally connected with the application of God's revealed truth to the souls of men so that they may be converted.

Temperance

# A Fight Against Odds

(Kate Anderson, in the 'Union Signal.')

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.)

[The Kilgour family are engaged in a desperate struggle to save the idolized youngest son, Claude, from the curse of cigarette smoking and the evil life it has led him into. The death of his brother, Willie, seems to arouse his weakened manhood, and he is allowed to go to work in a shop, since he will not attend school. It is soon found that he is continuing his evil course of stealing, lying, gambling and using tobacco.]

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

From both these sources full information and kindly Christian sympathy and advice were received, but Ralph learned nothing which did not confirm the ideas he had already formed. He was told that there was every chance possible for a bad boy to become a better one, that the keepers and wardens were kind, trustworthy men, with an eye single to their charges' best interests, that the chaplain and other visiting clergy did their utmost to win the boys' souls, both by personal effort and faithful ministrations, that the steady work, strict oversight, and sufficiently severe discipline had a tonic effect on vicious and indolent youths, and that usually the happy result was that the bad boy was turned out with reformed thoughts and habits, fitted by training and will to make an honest living for himself.

In reply to a direct and especial question, the Rev. Mr. Wilson admitted that it was sometimes possible for a determined youth to beg tobacco from thoughtless and unadvised visitors, or to obtain it in other ways, while it had also to be admitted that a boy going there had to take his chances of coming in contact with the most utterly depraved and vicious youth; that were he determined to avoid all good influences and resolutely to harden himself against all help and counsel, he would find congenial company among a very small minority of the inmates.

Under these circumstances, Ralph had resolved that Claude should not be sent to the reformatory until every other possible means had been tried and exhausted. Besides, he could not assure himself even then that it would be right to bring this bitter disgrace and humiliation on an innocent family, whose punishment would be immeasurably greater than that of the offender's. It would complete his mother's heartbreak, and aside from private suffering and anguish, injure his sister's prospects and drag the whole family down socially. To be sure, his mother and sister had begged him not to think of these things, where the question of saving the boy was at issue. If no other way could be found, they were ready and willing to sacrifice all pride and personal feeling—to take up the burden of an open family disgrace. Much better to arrange the matter privately with Magistrate Tarblett, and have Claude sent down on some nominal and general charge, like persistent truancy or incorrigibility, than to have him continue his career of wickedness and be taken up by some stranger for theft or forgery. Besides, when he once had passed his sixteenth birthday, it would be the prison for him instead of the reformatory.

Before using undue haste in branding his young brother with the stigma which always clings to a reformatory boy, and which would be shared by his family, Ralph had resolved to give Claude every chance until he should reach the verge of the age limit, when, if no reformation were in sight, he would take steps to have him sent to Penetanguishene as a final resort, that he might be for a few years where he would be at least secure from arrest and imprisonment, with a fair chance to reform before he had entirely passed the 'growing age' of both body and character.

Not that Ralph would now ever give up to despair concerning Claude, even in the worst issues, while there remained a God in Heaven, while breath remained to offer prayer and supplication to the Infallible, strong to save, and mighty to deliver. He believed that, as certain as it is that Jesus died to save the vilest castaway, so certain is it, when that same castaway turns his sin-dimmed eyes to the foot of the Cross, there awaits him a complete and triumphant pardon and deliverance. But Claude turned his eyes the other way.

Six weeks later he disappeared. Two other boys, both older than he, went with him, covering their tracks so skilfully that many weeks passed before the trio were discovered.

CHAPTER IX.

At the edge of a small hamlet in the far Georgian Bay district there dwelt in a little log hut, alone and unknown, an old, old man whom the villagers called 'Old Man Malott.' Nobody knew whether or not this was his name, and local curiosity concerning the hermit had died out many years before. It was generally believed, however, that the old man was a miser, and that he had stored away in his tiny domicile long-gathered hoards of gold.

One evening, about dusk, a laborer named Will Haldimand was passing the miser's hut. Across his shoulders was slung a bag containing a bushel of plums, a present from his employer, which the lad was carrying home to his widowed mother in the village. Suddenly he stopped short, and retraced his steps back to old man Malott's den.

'Guess I'll leave a plate of these with the old beggar; it'll please mother,' thought Will, who would have blushed deeply at any imputation of a kind thought on his own part. He had formed a habit of frequently leaving some little gift of fruit or vegetable at the old man's door. 'What if the niggardly old fellow could buy me up and all the village? I guess he has no happy time of it with no folks, poor old man.' Thus would Will excuse himself.

His knock bringing no response, he entered. The old man was crouched up beside his bed, his body contorted, his face to the floor. He was quite dead. The room was disordered, as if everything had been pulled about; but without pausing to take note, the terrified youth fled from the place, shrieking: 'Help, help! Murder!'

After a few hours' investigation it was found that robbery had been the motive for the crime. The room had been completely overhauled, but whether or not any booty had been secured the detectives were unable to determine. Evidence indicated that the robber had been interrupted and had hastily fled. The old man had been bound securely with cord, but appearances indicated that he had made a brave fight for life and liberty. He had been dead three days.

Will Haldimand was arrested, though no one believed him capable of the bloody deed. The officers thought best, however, to retain him, explaining that he was kept as the most important witness. It was a time of unspeakable anguish to the horrified lad and to his poor mother, but he was released at the preliminary hearing, no circumstance being found which could point even to a suspicion against him. The murder was adjudged to be the work of tramps, and the provincial detectives were unremitting in their efforts to unravel the mystery.

They did not have a very complicated case on their hands. Three tramps had been seen in the vicinity—all young men, two of them mere youths. These wretched boys were finally traced. Two of them were arrested in Owen Sound, and one had made his way to Port Arthur.

Brought to trial, they stoutly and persistently denied all knowledge of the crime, until each detail was relentlessly, hopelessly fixed upon them by overwhelming circumstantial evidence. Then they confessed, but their confession brought them no favor in the eyes of the court. Evidently the trio did not realize the horror of their deed—indeed, one could scarcely doubt, from their independent demeanor and ill-concealed bravado, that they secretly gloried in the tale of their adventures.

The youngest of the prisoners was a tall youth, apparently seventeen or eighteen years of age, though he insisted that he was only fifteen. He had a muddy, sallow complexion, dark eye-brows and close-cropped dark hair. He gave his name as Dave Adams, and his home as Chicago. It was but a very short time after his arrest that the discovery was made that this boy had disguised his real appearance with walnut stain and hair dye. After he was subjected to a process of vigorous scrubbing and expert manipulation, his countenance was revealed in the clear, beautiful red-and-white English coloring and faultless features of Claude Kilgour.

(To be continued.)

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The following are the contents of the issue of August 1, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Under the Name of 'Peonage'—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.
Impressions of Macedonia—By H. N. Brailsford, in the 'Speaker,' London.
The Prime Minister in Private and Public Life—The 'Westminster Budget,' London.
'By His Gracious Majesty's Command.'—'T.P.'s Weekly,' London.
Giuseppe Mazzini—By Walter Littlefield, in the New York 'Times Saturday Review.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

The Rehabilitation of Pinturicchio—By Edwin Howland Blashfield, in Scribner's Magazine.' Abridged.
The Sistine Chapel—The 'Speaker,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

The Wood—Poem, by Ethel Clifford, in the 'Pilot,' London.
Roadways—Poem, by John Masefield, in the New York 'Tribune.'
The Wayfarer—Poem, by H. H. Bashford, in the New York 'Tribune.'
A New Poet—The 'Pilot,' London.
The Wind in the Rosebush—By W. L. Courtney, in the 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
Leo XIII. as Man of Letters—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
The Dogmas of Free Thought—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Commonwealth,' London.
In Memoriam: W. E. H.—Poem, by Gilbert Parker, in the 'Morning Post,' London.
Two English 'Appreciations' of Mr. W. E. Henley—The 'Morning Post' London; the Manchester 'Guardian.'
Reading of Two Centuries Ago—The Chap Books in Harvard College Library—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
Professor Jowett's Theological Writings—The Spectator,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Allied Universities—The 'Morning Post,' London.
Balfour on the Allied Universities—The 'Morning Post,' London.
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# Correspondence

LETTER TO THE TINIES.

Dear Text-hunters,—How well you have been doing. Here is another list of your names, and there may be another still next week. Some of you wrote very neatly and arranged your answers nicely by putting the texts on one side of the paper and the places where they were found on the other. Now, are you all ready for another 'Text Hunt'? You will find a chapter not quite three-quarters of the way through the New Testament that is entirely taken up with one subject. It calls the thing it talks about 'Charity,' but the Greek word Paul used means what we call 'love.' Many of you have guessed by this time that I am talking of I. Corinthians xiii. Here are the questions:—

(1) How many times is the word 'Charity' mentioned in this chapter?

(2) Tell in your own words what 'Charity' does as described here.

(3) In the same way tell what 'Charity' does not do.

(4) Can you name anyone who gave his body to be burned in history and tell why he did so?

(5) What all is said about knowledge in this chapter.

(6) Where can you find a verse about Faith not in Coronthians? Give it.

(7) Which is the greatest, hope, love, or faith?

The names of those who send in the best and neatest answers will be printed. Please don't forget to put your ages on your papers, it makes the list much more interesting, don't you think so? The answers should be in before Thursday, the seventh of September.

CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR.

The Scripture Competition for Boys and Girls given in the last number closes on the first of September.—Ed.

SECOND LIST OF SUCCESSFUL TINIES.

Alma J. Nichol, Wesley J. Poole, Andrew Scott Anderson, Kenneth W. Hay, Elizabeth R. Sutton, May E. Luff, Olga Robinson, Mercy A. James, Jean Phillips age 7. Isabel Burgess, age 8. Eva Moore, Nettie May McGerrigle, age 9. Attie Chisholm, Olive Dunnington, age 7. Katie E. MacLeod, Annie S. Bagnall, Pearl Lampman, Granville L. Bayer, age 7. Addie L. Crooker, Lucy A. E. Lowther, Jessie E. Squires, age 8.

Dear Editor,—We have been taking the 'Messenger' for a long time, and we all like it very much. I was at a picnic recently, and mother thought I would like to have my friend come, too. So she came, and we went to Munro Park. When we got there we went in our bare feet, and had a jolly good time, and we took our shovels and pails and dug down till we came to water. My chum noticed a man's hat fall off, and it rolled down to the beach, so she got it and climbed up and gave it to him, and he gave her a quarter, and soon after I found five cents. Then we had our tea, and after we watched the show, but I didn't care for it much. We went around on the little boats, but we leaned on one side, and it nearly tipped over. FREDA C.

Hillburn.

Dear Editor,—I think I will write a letter to this paper. It will be my first one I have written. I have two brothers and one sister living, and one sister in heaven. My brothers' names are Alex. and John. Alex. is 14 years old and John is three. When we are away to school he does not get lonesome. My sister that is living is named Mary, and the one that is dead was named Maggie. Mary is nine years old. Maggie was nine also when she died. We have an organ, which is a Karn, with five octaves, second hand. We had a Christmas tree this year and it is up yet. I was over at my aunt Maggie's for about a week this winter, and saw my cousin's big doll. I am in the third reader in school. In my class there are three boys, but two of them are sick. I got a rocking chair for Christmas of 1900. I think this is all I have to say. Good-bye. LOTTIE A. W. (age 11).

Iron Ore, Pictou Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I go to school. We like our teacher very much. I will tell you how I came to take the 'Messenger.' My cousin sent me some 'Messengers' to read, and I thought it such a nice paper I made up my mind to send for it myself. I have three brothers and three sisters; their names are Johnnie, Mabel, Eva, Jamie, Margaret, Jessie and Hugh William. My papa and my eldest brother are working in the lumber woods, about ten miles from here, in a place by the name of Briden Brook. For pets I have a pussy. I call her Minnie. We have a mare, we call her Nelly; she can trot very fast. I have a little calf; I call him Dick.

PETER H. M. (age 10).

Salmon Point, Ontario.

Dear Editor,—This is the first year that I have taken your welcome paper, but I have already found some very interesting stories. I live on a farm with my mother, father and sister. We have eight cows, six calves, three horses, fifty hens and one pig. I have a pet cat named Blossom. My sister has a beautiful canary which she calls Dick. I have only gone to school three days this term, but will go as soon as I get over the whooping cough. About five miles from my home are the sandbanks. We often go there to picnics. The banks are about twenty-five feet in height. The boarding houses are called the Lakeshore and Evergreen. Also the banks lie along the broad surface of Lake Ontario. ABBIE S. (age 14).

Carleton Place.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen hardly any letters from Carleton Place I thought I would write. The town is quite large, and a nice river runs through it. This is the Mississippi. At the mouth it is quite wide. In the town there are two woollen mills, one lighthouse and two foundries. In front of my home there is a large field. For sports in the summer we play baseball and lacrosse. I have one dog for a pet. I go to school and am in the third grade. I get your valuable little paper and like it very much. I like to read the correspondence. I wonder if any one's birthday is the same as mine, Aug. 4.

C. L. E. (Age 12).

Port Morien, C.B.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' since January, and we all like it very much. I like the Correspondence Page the best. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I wonder if any little girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, February 3. I saw where John C. D.'s birthday is on the same day as mine, also the same age, ten years. I go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss Annie McL. We live near a nice beach. We have our summer holidays now. Where we pick strawberries we can see Flint Island, a small island in the most easterly part of Nova Scotia, Scatarie Island, a little to the south-east of Flint Island, and the Marconi Towers, over six miles distant. I have four brothers and three sisters. We have a very nice dog, called Fido. I am sending you the answers of the texts which I saw in the 'Messenger.' KATIE E. McL.

## Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

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# HOUSEHOLD.

## How to Worry a Convalescent

An invalid, if charged with the care of a convalescent, has a certain sympathy with her fragile condition, but a thoroughly-well person, who has never known the excessive exhaustion which follows an acute attack of pain, or a prolonged spell of fever, may quite unintentionally be almost brutal.

A convalescent, recovering almost imperceptibly from a siege of typhoid fever, was almost maddened by the sound of a thread passing through a piece of muslin on which her attendant was sewing. The sound was inaudible to the seamstress, but the sufferer heard, as it were, the sawing of wind through a taut sail, and finally exclaimed, in sore distress, 'I shall be frantic in five minutes more unless that rasping noise can be stopped.' A similar effect is produced by the scratching of a pen upon paper, and the rustling of a stiff gown or the whispering of people around the corner of the bed are irritating to the last degree to one whose nerves are exposed and bare after a weary illness.—Margaret Sangster in 'Harper's Bazar.'

## What Mothers Can Do.

(Nettie Barker Fernald, in 'Union Signal.')

Here are a few of the many ways in which mothers can help effectually:

First, by home influence. The influence which a mother exerts in her own home is the strongest influence known in keeping boys and girls from intemperate habits. So long as a boy feels that his mother is right and nearer right than any outsider, so long she will keep him, if anyone can, from the temptation of the saloon and from the use of tobacco. It is enough to him that his mother is opposed to both. He respects her opinions, and her influence is still the strongest he yet knows. This is the power that mothers have been wielding for many, many years, and we cannot improve on it. Mothers should know their full power and use it with gentleness and firmness. Little children clinging about their knees will drink in temperance truths until they are a part of the very fiber of their being. As they grow in manly strength there will be the same respect for mother's wishes though the whole world may seem to point another way. The home atmosphere may be a sort of halo that surrounds and protects from the evil of the world.

A mother can wear the white ribbon and let it speak constantly for her, a reminder to her family as often as they see it on Sunday or weekday dress, that she is pledged 'to abstain from all distilled, fermented and malt liquors, including wine, beer and cider and to employ all proper means to discourage the use of, and traffic in, the same.'

She can encourage her children to belong to the Loyal Temperance Legion and be ready to lend a hand to keep up a live, active band for the sake not only of her own but for all the boys and girls of her neighborhood whom she would save.

She can exert a strong, helpful influence for temperance and purity with the 'helper' in her home, thereby reaching a most important and often neglected class. By kindness, by love unfeigned, she may hold them. Many a young woman goes astray for want of a faithful true Christian friend—one who does not easily let go, who helps the seventy times seven if need be. It is often the one trial more that turns the balance for righteousness.

Mothers may help the temperance cause by making it popular. These are days of clubs and afternoon teas and dinner parties. W.C.T.U., We Can Try Unifying. Open wide the doors of your homes for the sake of the cause that needs assistance. Invite neighbors and friends and strangers and let some other member in another part of the town do the same until your little universe has felt the power

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socially of the white ribbon 'unifyers.' Have refreshments. People don't go to eat, but they surely do eat with a relish what is simply served, and they come again. That is the best part of it. It is better to serve strong temperance truths and weak tea. Do not reverse the adjectives. Send out your invitations as for some reception.

It is your white ribbon tea for those of your neighborhood whom you want interested and who receive hospitality at your hands. Be your home ever so rich, you may feel honored by such a company as gathers at the call of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Be it ever so humble, you may feel blest as your guests assemble, and there is One present who has promised 'Where two or three are gathered in my name there am I in the midst.'

Let our letters, W.C.T.U., take a new meaning as in a wholesome, happy, social way we try to make this world of ours catch the story of love and good will which Christ brought nineteen hundred years ago.

## Care of Caged Birds.

Never let a bird cage hang in a room where the gas is alight, unless it is exceptionally well ventilated; the air near the ceiling is always the most impure at night. Make a rule of always setting dicky's cage on the floor at night, and his health will rapidly improve. After the gas has been alight some time, put your own head near the ceiling and see how you would like to sleep in such an atmosphere. If the owners of birds would only realize the necessity of lowering their cages at night, they would enjoy the society of their feathered pets for many long years, says 'Woman's Life.'

## Selected Recipes

Peanut Candy.—The nuts must be quite freshly roasted, and the skins rubbed off. Grease as many pans and dishes as you think you will need to drop the nuts on. Have a cup of water with ice in it, and then make the candy. Boil two pounds of sugar with half a pint of water for five minutes, then add half a teacup of vinegar. Let the whole boil till, when dropped into the ice water, it is perfectly brittle; then lift the pot quickly from the fire and set it on a hot brick on a table. Have the plate of warm nuts at your left, and have a well-greased fork in your right hand. As soon as the candy is ready, drop the nuts in with the left hand one or two at a time, never more. Turn them in the candy with the fork without stirring it. Lift each nut out singly, turn them quickly onto the greased pan. At first the candy will be apt to stiffen before you have done many.

Orange Shortcake.—To make a delicious orange or peach shortcake, dissolve seven-eighths of a teaspoonful of soda in two tablespoonful of boiling water. Add it to one cupful of thick, sour cream. Turn the mixture into one quart of flour with which one teaspoonful of salt has been mixed. Blend this quickly. Roll into sheets one-half inch thick and cut them out with a two quart basin. Fry them on a griddle, browning first on one side and then on the other. Butter a cake and cover it with a layer of cut up and sweetened fruit. Place another cake over it and repeat the process. Serve with sweetened whipped cream.

## PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted by the United States Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C. Information relating to any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm:—Nos. 732,035, S. M. Barrie and C. Mignault, Winnipeg, Manitoba, pasteurizer; 732,170, T. O. Chouinard, Quebec, electric switch; 732,898, Louis Savaria, Montreal, nut lock; 733,403, Joseph Laurin, Maisonneuve, Que., shoe sewing machine; 733,419, Norbert Perrault, Ottawa, Ont., railway crossing gate; 733,617, Narcisse Boulanger, Lac Noir, Que., pipe wrench; 734,053, Jules Ernest Fortin, Montreal, thermostatic alarm; 734,287, Francois Xavier Vallee, Glen Iver, Que., brush clearing implement.


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